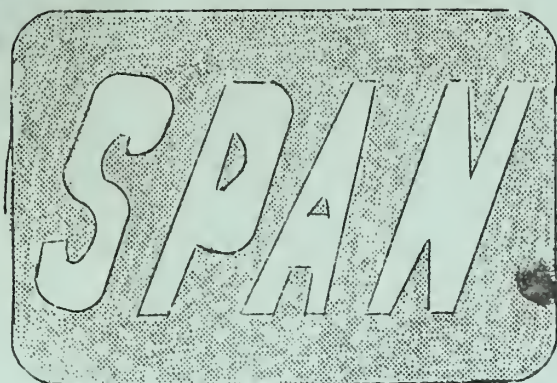


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SPORTS PATTTER AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 82, October 12, 1944

BIRTHDAYS THIS WEEK

Jessie D. Armbruster, Patricia A. Cratty, Jack L. Wolfenson*, Verne Tulloch, Estelle G. Burke, Paul A. Carroll*, Opal Warren, Clifford G. Hanson, Marcelle Cundiff, Ann M. Parrott, Andrew Tessman*, John R. Torok, Marie A. Keough, Darrell L. Johnson*, Jesse J. Owen, Grayce M. Simmons, Gladys A. Fitzgerald. Inadvertently omitted last week were J. Holland Crevasse, Rose Marie Huston, Philip Widman*.

*Employees on military furlough.

GOVERNMENT SERVICE

VERNE TULLOCH, 10 yrs., 6 mos.
(8½ mos. in REA)

MARIE A. KEOUGH, 11 yrs. 4 mos.
(8 yrs, 2 mos. in REA)

HIKE TO CREVE COEUR LAKE

With the thrush's song spilling over the fragrant fields and the pink-gold radiant forest, the REA hikers will pick their way with delicate feet through the beauty of Creve Coeur. Art Fleak will lead the gossiping, chattering stalwarts over hill and dale. Hikers should bring their viaticum (campfire food). Meet at 2 P.M. at the end of Delmar loop. Softball will be played. At least six handsome soldiers will be there. Come and join the happy throng.

HALLOWEEN DANCE

HALLOWEEN DANCE is to be held at the Kingsway Hotel Sat. night, October 28. Jimmy Downey's orchestra with dancing from 9:00 until 1:00. Prizes for the best costumes. Costumes are optional - come with or without!

BOWLING STANDINGS AS OF OCTOBER 13, 1944

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Operators	5	1	.833	657	687	2000
Radars	5	1	.833	621	649	1884
Solicitors	4	2	.667	713	798	2217
Ruralettes	4	2	.667	625	678	1951
Managettes	4	2	.667	581	639	1789
Five Aces	3	3	.500	672	765	2091
Boatmen's Best	3	3	.500	658	745	2079
Terry's Pirates	3	3	.500	590	726	2086
Kilo-ettes	3	3	.500	551	662	1845
Raters	2	4	.333	620	670	1932
Five Dueces	2	4	.333	604	717	1846
Pin Spinners	2	4	.333	557	622	1814
Administrators	1	5	.167	654	710	2005
Sweater Girls	1	5	.167	580	653	1894

G.I.

ROUTINE



DIDJA KNOW THAT

Pools, pools and then more pools to say nothing of a few bets on the side, a couple of raffles and 'tis even rumored that there was a bit of "scalping" in one of our "more holier than thou" divisions. The whole place bore the atmosphere of a good old den of iniquity. However, it can still be written about on account of "respectability" hasn't set-in as yet although aims to catch up with us upon the return of the one whose "dernier cri" on all things seemly will undoubtedly have a most sobering influence on the little journal and from now on you may expect the superlative and ultimate in staid and decorous reporting. In fact we'll even allow ourselves to be hampered by a few facts regardless of how painful may be the metamorphosis. Well, while the cat's away we'll make hay. There were those who had lots of luck and those who didn't - Opal Duty walked away with the jack-pot so many times that her co-workers began to think she was psychic and wouldn't play with her any more and Claire Sullivan gathered in the shekels and a ticket to the game along with 'em - tsk! tsk! Under ordinary circumstances 'twould probably be amiss for this column to report on that house warming staged by D. Wagner and F. Clausen and from all reports it was quite quite and only the femme curiosity of what the bride would wear kept a few of them from staying all night but what has not been reported on is how following said party, G. Gilmore slipped in the bath tub and hasn't been the same since. Swears that the morning ablutions are out for the duration or at least until he can obtain a priority on a "non-skid" tub and until then he will resort to the use of baby oil - what no banana, Gordon? Why these St. L. cops insist upon pickin' on REAers is still one of the deep dark mysteries. O. Briden had some little conversation with one not long ago and A. Vernier was so excited over receiving her orders from the Marines that she started going through red lights, stop signs, cross streets and what-have-you without blinking an eye until the arm of the law caught up with her and then she started blinking both of 'em - you know how she does it - and just what you expected, Ann rode off in a blaze of glory and not a mark on the family escutcheon - that is, for driving. Now that the tumult and the shouting has died, B. Weiss thinks he can once more take to the grind - yes siree, after struggling with real work for a whole long month, 30 days as it were, he had to take to the broad open corn (?) fields of So. Dakota for a bit of huntin' - ducks, pheasants, and the like - no de - er. While M. Chappell did not attend the games she was as busy as a little bee seeing that her brother didn't starve while standing in line waiting for

the doors to open - there was Marg. looking like little Red Riding Hood with her basket of goodies marching forth in the cold gray dawn to succor the youth of the nation intent on who won that ball game. Meet some of our new recruits - Frank Korff who will assist Rajah Gilmore to look after his harem; Dorothy Cooley, Arlene Glenn, Mildred Moss, Madelyn Roussin and Ann Mueller brightening up the atmosphere of the Stenographic Unit, R. Broderick who isn't new but has just changed his habitat to D&C, Toyoko Hidekawa, help-mate to Jo Quinn. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE; Helen Daley keeping very quiet about her birthday - also her age; Betty June Morgan shopping at the latest possible date for that soldier overseas; Sylvia Sanders expounding on the theories of philosophy and accounting but doesn't know a thing about love (?); D. Campbell with one ear glued to the radio for every inning; Personnel with 100% for the War Chest and very chesty about it; Eva Mitchell middle-aisling pretty soon and the guest of honor at a shower at the Castilla Cafe last week; F. P. Wood bursting into print again and with a check at that; I. Lewis with roses, roses, and roses from the b.f. she hasn't seen in some eight years - he shaves now; D. Williams bursting into tears before the cinema even started with Alice Castle being hard boiled and admonishing her to wait until they all started even; Muriel Burry a.l'ing in Denver; Jessie Gordon also a.l'ing but don't know where; Nadine Rau still lamenting that quarter she lost on the series to Carl Nolde; F. Sanguinet reporting from Tucson that it is tops and he is sittin' on top of the world; Mrs. Bannister and soldier son, Bill, gladdening the heart and eye of R.H. with a call at his office; Mr. Herring back at the front with a couple of extra legs but is doin' all right; M. Lipphardt a.l'ing; everybody in a dither trying to get their special brand of coffin nails and so it goes - on and on and on.

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